

## FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

### THE OUTGROWN DOLL'S LAMENT.

Oh, listen well  
While a tale I tell  
Of a poor unfortunate doll,  
Who was born in France  
And given by chance  
To a sweet little girl named Polly.

A wee little girl  
With hair all a-curl,  
And dimpled cheeks and shoulders,  
When I and she  
Took an airing,  
Were the joy of all beholders.

Day after day  
As time passed away,  
We'd nothing to do but keep jolly;  
But it could not last,  
For she grew so fast,  
This dear little girl named Polly!

First she was seven,  
Eight, nine, ten, eleven,  
And then she was four times three!  
She outgrew her crib,  
Her apron and bib,  
And now—she has outgrown me!

Forgotten, forlorn,  
From night till morn  
I'm left in the playroom corner;  
From morn till night  
In the same old plight,  
Like a piece of Little Jack Horner.

And Polly, she  
At school must be,  
Or else the piano strumming,  
While I sit here  
Growing old and queer,  
Vainly expecting her coming.

With a frozen stare  
At the walls I glare,  
My mind to the question giving,  
If the life of a doll  
Outgrown by Polly  
Be really worth the living!

—Julia Schayer, in St. Nicholas.

### TRAVELS OF A DOG.

An Albany Canine Who Is a Pet of Uncle Sam's Postmasters.

Owney went to Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis, and they attached checks to his collar. Then he went on through Salt Lake City to California and from there to Mexico. In Mexico they hung a Mexican dollar on his neck. From there he came up through the south, finally reaching Washington. His collar was hanging full of tags and checks, and poor Owney was weary of the heavy load about his neck. Postmaster General Wanamaker saw him and took pity on him. He carried him out one day and had a harness made for him; then he took the badges from his collar and fastened



OWNEY IN FULL REGALIA.

them to his harness, as you see in the picture. If you look closely you will discover the Mexican dollar, and also a King's Daughters' badge which some one presented to him.

Owney did not tarry long in Washington, but was soon off again with his new harness. The farther he went the more checks he had to carry, and the heavier grew his load. At last the attachments alone weighed over two pounds, and poor Owney was tired of carrying the dangling things about with him.

A Boston postal clerk saw him and took pity on him as Mr. Wanamaker had done; he carried him home to his house, and wrote a letter to the postmaster at Albany, telling him of the dog's difficulties. Word came back to take off the harness just as it was, and forward it to him. This was done, and the harness with its attachments can be seen at any time in the post-office building at Albany, preserved in a glass case with Owney's picture.

Once in his travels Owney reached Montreal, and happening to follow the mail-bags to the post office, he was taken possession of and locked up, while a letter was sent to Albany telling the officials there of his whereabouts. A reply came to let him go and he would take care of himself. This the Canadian postmaster refused to do till the cost of feeding and keeping him was paid, in all amounting to two dollars and fifty cents. A collection was called for among his old friends, the money forwarded and Owney released.

Everybody in the postal service in the United States knows him, and perhaps the next time he visits Canada he will not be a stranger.—M. I. Ingersoll, in St. Nicholas.

### BIRD'S EYES AND EARS.

They Far Exceed in Keenness Those of Our Own Kind.

It is certain that the keenness of vision in birds far exceeds our own, but in what degree we cannot precisely estimate. We know, however, that a hawk so high above the earth as to seem a mere speck against the sky above him can at this distance distinguish his prey from its earthly surroundings.

Snipe and plover, migrating at so great a height that to us they are invisible, seem by their calls able to recognize individuals of their own species feeding, perhaps on some mud-flat, where, if they are motionless, we can distinguish them at fifty yards with difficulty.

Flycatchers launch forth after gauzy-winged prey we could not detect, and I have seen juncos in the gloomy forests dart more than thirty feet into the air after some tiny insect.

The loggerhead shrike of the south always selects, like a hawk, a perch

from which he may have an unobstructed view of his surroundings. From this outlook he scans the ground for some luckless grasshopper or cricket, and sometimes flies eighty or one hundred feet to pick from the grass-grown ground he left his perch. But little as we know of birds' vision, we know even less of their power of hearing. There is, however, no reason to doubt that the latter is not quite as acute as the former.

The robin on our lawns may be seen, with head on one side, listening intently for the movement of a worm beneath the sod, and it is said the woodcock has the same habit. On one occasion, while seated quietly in the woods, a barrel-owl lit about fifty yards away, with his back toward me. Watching him through my field-glass, I made the slightest possible sound with my lips—a man would not have heard it at a distance of twenty feet—and instantly the bird turned its head and the great black eyes looked directly at me.

A friend of mine in South Carolina tells me that a mockingbird which was resident in his garden at the time of the earthquake a few years ago became a sentinel to his family, warning them, by a sharp, twittering note, of the approach of each shock several seconds before the rumble which preceded it was audible to human ears.

Instances of this kind give us some idea of the acuteness of a bird's hearing, but as yet we have no observations suitable for the purpose of exact comparison.—Frank M. Chapman, in Youth's Companion.

### THREE QUEER FRIENDS.

How a Cat and an Old Pug Deceived a Young Poodle.

These are pictures of the pets of a certain little girl. They are Punch, the pug dog, Billkins, the prize-bred Russian corded black poodle with a pedigree, and Judy, the cat. Billkins dwells on terms of friendship with the others, as you can see by the fact that he has had his picture taken with each of them. But sometimes there are slight misunderstandings.

For instance, one day Billkins was lying on the door-mat gnawing on the backbone of a duck when Punch appeared. Punch wanted a bone, too, but Billkins didn't care to share his, so Punch wandered off. By and by there was a dreadful commotion on the other side of the house, a wild barking and scrambling. Billkins jumped up and rushed off. He was afraid something had happened to his mistress and he wanted to help Punch defend her.

When he reached the other side of the house, there was no one there. No one was hurting his mistress, the house was safe and Punch had disappeared. After a little investigation, Billkins went back to his mat and his bone, and there lay Punch gnawing contentedly at it! The false alarm had been a trick of the wily old pug to get that bone.

One Christmas the little mistress received a curious present which the cat and the dogs could not understand. Every now and then, out of a box, a bird would step and say "Peep, peep." Then a door would close, another one would open and another bird would appear and say "Cuckoo." Billkins hated the noises and so did Judy, and the cat planned to kill the birds. Billkins was glad enough, but he didn't intend to take an active part in the matter. He was just going to watch. Well, in the middle of the night Judy came and woke Billkins up. When



A CONSULTATION.

the little "peep" bird came out of the box Judy prepared for a spring and when the cuckoo came out she leaped up on the stand where the box sat and seized the bird by its throat. The whole thing—box, birds and all—fell on poor Billkins, and the more he tried to get from under them the more tangled up he became. Judy disappeared as soon as trouble began.

The whole house was aroused by the clatter. Down came the little mistress, and there she found Billkins and her pretty new cuckoo clock all broken to pieces. She was very angry and she punished Billkins, while Judy looked on with amusement. Billkins thinks now that cats are very deceitful animals, but he doesn't quarrel with Judy. It seems better to him to live on peaceable terms with her and to be very careful not to give her even a negative support in her schemes.—N. Y. World.

### Gathering Points for a Sermon.

A laughable incident is told of a distinguished Massachusetts clergyman, who thought he had a point for a sermon. One day he walked through the local soap works, and, after having explained to him some of the intricacies of saponification, asked the foreman how he adulterated his goods. Thinking it was all in jest, the foreman gave him elaborate explanation of various mythical ways of substituting marble for soap. The next Sunday the soap manufacturer himself was at church, and had the pleasure of listening to a wrathful sermon about adulteration, especially of soap. The poor man had a dreadful time convincing the minister of his error, and then it was the minister's turn to feel sheepish.

## DOLABELLE'S LETTER.

### The New Spring Silks Defy Accurate Description.

New York Society Going Wild Over the Many Pretty Things Exhibited for Spring Gowns—Revival of the Artistic in Millinery.

(Special New York Letter.)

In the spring a young woman's fancy lightly turns to dress, and she is indeed hard to please who cannot find exactly what she most needs in the complete menu the dry-goods caterer has to offer this season. You would think it were May to see the lovely tempting spring silks in their delicate tracery, as they lie in shimmering heaps on the counters. Every woman can now walk in silk attire, for the prices are so reasonable that it would be wicked, as I heard a gushing girl say, "not to buy." On the sale days the very newest silks are put on the counters, and the next day, when the sale is "off," the prices are one-third more.

I notice a prominence given to very light colors in all new goods, both silk and woolen. Some of the new China silks have a white or pinkish ground with a faded flower design, which is like the gowns in old pictures. Others have pin-head checks and bnds, or small flowers. The chene taffetas are deliciously like old China patterns. The taffetas and faille Francaise silks are soft and pliable, to drape gracefully. The India silks and Habutai and Ki-Ki have been selling freely at thirty-eight cents a yard. They make up into lovely summer gowns with quillings of ribbon and lace garnitures. The changeable armure silks sell at the same price.

The moire silks are having a most determined run, being introduced by the ladies' tailors into walking suits. The moire coat is one of the fashionable spring wraps. For this purpose a silk is used that varies in price from four dollars a yard to six dollars. It is a large watered design, two indefinite stripes covering the entire width. Moire Francaise has a set watered stripe, and there is a moire antique that has alternating stripes of satin and moire.

This silk is used in immense quantities for making over, the sleeves and trimmings being composed of the moire. Some of the silks have a knotty effect to resemble the knots in a board. These are called arabesque moires, and make one ask "what next?" The new colors are real novelties, although we think each season must exhaust color resources. But there are absolutely new shades of green, blue, yellow and brown. Then there is Florentine pink, and a color that is pink and yellow combined which was originally called "punch" color. Tea green and foliage green are both new colors. All shades of brown are popular, and the red-headed girls wear them all in one costume, or at least as many of them as will harmonize.

The new woolen goods are classed under the head of novelties, there being too many of them for regular names. If you want hop-sacking, or serge, the clerk will show you all the new weaves. The French soft wool are the finest and best, as they have a melange of color which makes their dainty designs resemble old embroidery. The ground work is a pearl or gray or light tan, or pale green, but the pattern blends with it so perfectly that it has no decided tint, but a soft blending of many. Dark emerald on a mouse-gray ground is a favorite style, with small design of lighter shades. Crepons are in constant demand, as are the light-weight Scotch suitings, which are made up with silk sleeves. These delicate street suitings are made up with lace and ribbon, or some of the

featherbone, is used to stiffen the skirts of dresses instead of horsehair. The umbrella skirt is a popular form for walking dresses and tailor-made gowns. The draped skirt is seen in new models for these spring days. In the cloth walking suit in the illustration, the skirt is draped upon one side, and trimmed at the bottom with a band of fancy fur, which also trims the surplice waist. Sleeves and front of light tufted cloth, empire police hat.

The second dress in the illustration is of blue lady's cloth, draped on one side with lace. The arrangement of the waist is new and strikingly novel. Both designs are direct from Paris. I must tell you what a French dressmaker said to me on a recent visit I made to her establishment. I was trying to explain to her in her native tongue that I wanted the cloth for my new gown to be of an intense shade of green. She listened politely and answered in voluble English:

"As for color, the green is the first, but the very more shades, not too much bright, are worn."

Isn't that delicious? DOLABELLE.

Not a Thinker.

Kate—Why does Mr. Littlebrain stutter so?

Jane—Oh, somebody told him he ought to think before he speaks, and he is trying to follow the advice.—Detroit Free Press.

A Great Fity.

Old Graybeard—It's a pity to keep such a pretty bird in a cage. Mrs. De Style—Isn't it a shame! How perfectly exquisitely lovely it would look in a hat!—N. Y. Weekly.

The Retort Frequent.

Sunday School Teacher (sadly)—I'm afraid, Johnny, that I will never meet you in heaven. Johnny—Why? What have you been doing now?—Home Journal.

yellow are preferred to dead white for day wear.

I made a little tour the other day in search of spring millinery, and was just in time to see two members of the Four Hundred buy their spring bonnets in the millinery department of a Twenty-third street dry goods house. Why shouldn't they? Oh, it has been a sort of fad with some of our old first families to buy their millinery in a millinery shop somewhere on Fifth avenue. But I will describe the bonnets, for such they really were. One was a brown Italian straw with bunches of black Russian violets in front, a fishbow of black satin loops flaring on one side and a stand-up row of small velvet loops at the back. It was simple, but the style was elegant, and the price thirty-five dollars.

The other was a yellow braid trimmed with small upright tips of ostrich fibers and gold. The ornaments were balls of jet and gold and there were great oriental rings of gold confining bunched loops of velvet. This was twenty-five dollars. Both shapes were the new bonnet form, which is like a turban with strings.

The Panama straws are in again. There are yellow Panamas and white ones. I saw some that were faced with black satin under the brim and trimmed with the crazy satin loops so much in vogue and bunches of violets.

There are all kinds of fancy lace straws and fine Neapolitan or chippeaked crowns, with open straw brims. The English walking-hat is a boat-shaped straw with a dent in the crown. The new sailor is long instead of round and is trimmed with a high bunch of violets.

The cabochons are bonnet shapes, no larger than your hand. They are of jet, knobs and spiles.

Ribbons are not "in" this season for trimming, except the wide ones for Alsatian bows. Big buckles of steel, jet or silver are worn on hats, but they are laid lengthwise of the brim instead of up and down.

Among novelties are the sleeveless silk waists, with rows of lace insertion running across the front. It only takes a yard and a half of silk to make one of these, as the back of the waistcoat can be of old silk. One I noticed was of blue surah. There were five rows of lace across the front—one in the collar, two in the belt. The price of the garment was three dollars. The new shirt waists are of fine pink or blue chambray solid colors, with shoulder ruffles and big sleeves. These are \$3.50 each.

In regard to gowns, I heard an authority say recently that if a woman could only have two gowns a year she should let one of them be tailor-made; then she would always be dressed like a gentleman.

The improvement that a tailor-made gown makes in the figure is very marked, and it carries with it, as the result of skilled labor, an impression of extreme elegance.

Long basques are worn by young ladies, short ones by matrons. The round waist with surplice front is used this spring. A light material, called



CLOTH AND LACE COSTUME.

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It will, perhaps, require a little stretch of the imagination on the part of the reader to recognize the fact that the two portraits at the head of this article are of the same individual; and yet they are truthful sketches made from photographs, taken only a few months apart, of a very much esteemed citizen of Illinois—Mr. C. H. Harris, whose address is No. 1,623 Second Avenue, Rock Island, Ill. The following extract from a letter written by Mr. Harris explains the marvelous change in his personal appearance. He writes: "Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery saved my life and has made me a man. My home physician says I am good for forty years yet. You will remember that I was just between life and death, and all of my friends were sure it was a case of death, until I commenced taking a second bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' when I became able to sit up and the cough was very much better, and the bleeding from my lungs stopped, and before I had taken six bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' my cough ceased and I was a new man and ready for business."

I now feel that it is a duty that I owe to my fellow-men to recommend to them the 'Golden Medical Discovery' which saved my life when doctors and all other medicines failed to do me any good. I send to you with this letter two of my photographs; one taken a few weeks before I was taken down sick in bed, and the other was taken after I was well. These two photographs are faithfully reproduced at the head of this article.

Mr. Harris's experience in the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" is not an exceptional one. Thousands of eminent people in all parts of the world testify, in just as emphatic language, to its marvelous curative powers over all chronic bronchitis, throat and lung diseases, chronic nasal catarrh, asthma, and kindred diseases. Eminent physicians prescribe "Golden Medical Discovery" when any of their dear ones' lives are imperiled by that dread disease, Consumption. Under such circumstances only the most reliable remedy would be depended upon. The following letter is to the point. It is from an eminent physician of Stamps, Lafayette Co., Ark. He says: "Consumption is hereditary in my wife's family; some have already died with the disease. My wife has a sister, Mrs. E. A. Cleary, that was taken with consumption. She used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and, to the surprise of her many friends, she got well. My wife has also had hemorrhages from the lungs, and her sister insisted on her using the 'Golden Medical Dis-



covery.' I consented to her using it, and cured her. She has had no symptoms of consumption for the past six years. People having this disease can take no better remedy."

Yours very truly,  
W. C. Rogers, M. D.

From the Buckeye State comes the following: "I was pronounced to have consumption by two of our best doctors. I spent nearly \$300, and was no better. I concluded to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I bought and used eight bottles and I can now say with truth that I feel just as well to-day as I did at twenty-five, and can do just as good a day's work on the farm, although I had not done any work for several years."

Truly, your friend,  
William Dulaney

Mr. Dulaney's address is Campbell, Ohio. "I had catarrh in the head for years and trouble with my left lung at the same time. You put so much faith in your remedies that I concluded to try one bottle or two, and I derived much benefit therefrom. I used up three bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, five bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and in four months I was myself again. I could not sleep on my left side, and now I can sleep and eat heartily. So long as I have your medicines on hand I have no need of a doctor; I do not think my house in order without them. Yours truly,

A. H. Sheard  
Marlow, Baldwin Co., Ala.

If it would be any more convincing, we could easily fill the columns of this paper with letters testifying to the cure of the severest diseases of the throat, bronchia and lungs, by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery." To build up solid flesh and strength after the grip, pneumonia, ("lung fever"), exhausting fevers, and other prostrating diseases, it has no equal. It does not make fat like cod liver oil and its nasty compounds, but solid, wholesome flesh.

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